

Title: Halimath's Pride

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Halimath was a smith who had transcended all boundaries of metalworking in his craft. A true master with the hammer and tongs, each piece of precious metal commanded his complete attention, each blow of the hammer comprised his entire world. His creations were truly marvelous and inspired such awe in others. With each passing year, his skill grew ever greater. Elves traveled the world over to see his works of art.

Centuries passed and the grey elf decided that his life's work should culminate in the creation of one truly magnificent artifact-preferably a sword- to be wielded in the cause of good. He had no doubts about his skill, and he had the costly metals and gems with which to make and ornament this sword.

But the grey elves had banned of any more weapons of power. They wanted no reminder of the Elfwar or the Fractioning, and they forbade Halimath to make such a sword.

The elf would neither listen nor obey; breaking the laws of his land was but a small price to pay for the glory of the magic he would wrought. Thus commenced Halimath's destruction.

The rituals the elf sought
to enchant the blade
were dark and arcane,
their powers hardly more
than he could contain.

Halimath continued without
regard, believing that the
creation of the Sword of
Justice would atone for
any evils he committed
while creating it.

The first spell he cast
almost cost him his life,
so strong were the
magicks within it. This
spell ensured to the
wielder of the blade for
as long as the Sword
was held. A second spell
enchanted the weapon so
that it could only be
used on the side of
goodness, and the third
ensured the Sword would
strike down the foes of
the wielder with but a
single blow.

Rumors of Halimath's
transgressions reached
the ears of the grey elf
elders. The wisest and
most just of them,
Andriana, confronted
Halimath and demanded
the truth. To her folly,
she held up the Sword to
emphasize her point. The
master smith flew into
an insane rage at his
creation being so touched.

His massive fist struck
the frail elf woman, and
she crumpled to the
floor. Blood splattered
across the blade in
Andriana's hands and
stained the carpet
beneath her still-breathing
form. Halimath stared
down at the woman in
horror, his senses
returning to him in the
cold light of what he had
done. He knew the other
elders would never allow
him to finish the Sword
of Justice, and that

thought alone consumed him. He grabbed the Sword and fled. Shortly after, the grey elf elders discovered Halimath's misdeeds.

Though Andrianna lived, the elders swore the blood oath against Halimath. They hounded the elf day and night until they finally cornered him; though bruised in body and spirit, he was still unrepentant.

Halimath let out a great cry and raised the Sword of Justice in defiance against the elves who harried him. He leaped to attack, but the blade crumbled to dust in his hands. When the arrows pierced his body, Halimath fell dead.

Moral: Obsession destroys everything.